

fathomless pain and sorrow fall to human lot as that he, Liberty's sweetest singer, Hungary's most devoted son, should be (as was believed) carried off by a people of slaves and tyrants, far from his native land, to languish in captivity in Siberia for the rest of his life? In 1880 the rumour arose—"Petöfi lives yet." After reading Rudyard Kipling's heart-breaking story of the officer who was carried off to Siberia in the Crimean war (I think), and rejoined his regiment in India some thirty years later, one dimly grasps the unspeakable, unthinkable horror of this fate. To hear from cruel jeering lips the stories of Görgei's surrender at Vilagos (August 13th), of the flight of Kossuth and his fellows to Turkey, of poor General Klapka's hopeless defence of Komárom, of his capitulation on honourable terms, treacherously repudiated by the Austrians; how Baron Haynau, of cursed memory, hanged the gallant officers, savagely resenting that he had no power to put their noble loyal hearts to shame; of the atrocities, the brutal cruelties perpetrated by him on delicate women, whose only crime had been that of sheltering, feeding, or nursing their country's soldiers—think what torture this would be to Sándor, apart from his ceaseless yearning towards his beloved wife and child.

What added depth of meaning does this awful doubt, as to the poet-patriot's fate, give to the last words of this verselet, written by him long before:—

How blest to whom is given
This boon by fate's kind hand:—
To live for wine and wife,
And die for fatherland!

My object in this brief sketch has been to tell a life-story that has deeply touched and interested me. This is my excuse for ignoring completely many sides of Petöfi's poetic genius. I should like to quote some of the poems that show how his art is often near akin to that of Heine, others that display his sympathy with nature, or again his power of humour and of satirical character drawing. If any of my readers wish to study his writings further, I may tell them of an excellent little volume of selections translated into German, published in Reclam's Universal Bibliothek, at

40 pfenning; another German translation is by Neugebauer, though I believe no English version is to be had. Foreign booksellers also supply Hungarian grammar dictionaries, and Petöfi's works in the original!

A PARIS ORPHANAGE.

It was night when I arrived at the little home in Levallois-Perret, and the girls had gone to rest. We went round to see them asleep, three in one room, four in the next, and two more upstairs. For this "petite famille" consists of nine girls, their ages ranging from five to fifteen, all French, except Jacoba, who is a Boer refugee from Pretoria. Although most of them are orphans rescued from sad surroundings, they have plenty of friends now: "Marraine," who founded the home; "Tante," her friend; and "Marnan," who is matron; while each child has "sa petite amie," some kind friend who visits or writes to her, sends her presents, and perhaps makes her frocks and pinafores.

The children show their light-heartedness by singing from morning to night. One wakens to the sound of their voices, which not even their hatred of the daily cold bath can still.

By seven o'clock, having made beds and dusted rooms, they are downstairs to prayers, and breakfast follows under the plum trees in the little garden. Now indeed voices are quiet, until the porridge and bread and milk have disappeared. Then household duties await most of the party. For example, Jeanne arranges the visitors' bedroom, and Marie and Lucienne have a floor to polish, while Georgette must go to the market to help to carry home the vegetables and fruit, which form a large proportion of the food of the household. We assemble in the play room for drill at nine o'clock. "La gymnastique" is in high favour, especially the musical ball-drill, at which Marie usually wins most praise. The next half hour is devoted to Nature Note-books. They were introduced at the beginning of this long vacation, and now the new idea of drawing with the

paint-brush attracts the little ones immensely, while five-year-old Camille, who has not yet learned to hold a paint-brush, is positively chuckling over her first lesson in "blobs."

Our third daily lesson is an English Gouin, which causes us great amusement, since all but Jacoba find it so difficult to pronounce the English "th." In reaction from the effort of attention there is noisy play for the rest of the morning, and while I am studying French, I hear balls bouncing against the side of the house, keeping time to a kind of chant :

On fait la guerre
En An-gle-terre,
Vivent les Bo-ères !

The sense of "something accomplished, something done," doubles our liveliness, by the time mid-day déjeuner is ready, and as soon as Jeanne (who is practising "le menage") has brought the soup, and Louise has said grace, we all want to talk at once. Of the three little ones, Germaine is often so rippling over with laughter that she forgets to eat; Aimée gets lost in a world of her own, from which she emerges in bewilderment to amuse us with her irrelevant remarks; and Camille is watching, with her head tucked on one side, to catch my attention with a story that invariably begins: "Mademoiselle, vous ne savez pas, il y avait une fois," &c., &c.

But we cannot linger too long over déjeuner, for we spend our afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, and by 1-30 the little crowd in scarlet pinafores and shady hats will be ready and waiting in the hall, carrying dolls, balls, and skipping ropes.

We shall probably find a few flowers and berries, and, if it be showery, some baby frogs and toads. But we prefer a good game of ball or rounders. The elder girls have brought their needlework, a tea cloth designed by Louise for Marraine's birthday, and while three of them are at work on different corners, Georgette is sure to start a song, in which Marie will take seconds, and very prettily they sing. We have brought goûter to eat at four o'clock, but we are quite ready for supper when we get home at six, tired enough to be glad that bedtime is so near. Still we could not afford to omit the hymn-singing that always accompanies

evening prayers, and which often makes us ignore time. Then follow lengthened farewells, with warm hugs and double French kisses, and a frequent repetition of the English wish, generally the last thing I hear in Germaine's penetrating tones: "Good night, sleep well."

A. C. DRURY.

NOTES ON A DRAWING LESSON.

A few short notes of the first Lecture of a course to be given on "The Theory of Teaching Drawing." Lecturer, Miss F. Edith Giles, Head-mistress of the Clapton and Stamford Hill School of Art.

WHY, HOW, AND WHAT TO TEACH.

The first thing that struck me was Miss Giles' definition of Education—the drawing out of human power.

Drawing is the training of the power of sight.

It deals with three points:—

First comes sight, when the image is mirrored on the retina;

Secondly, recognition, when the nerves carry the picture on to the brain; and

Thirdly, will, when the nerves from the brain carry the message down to the hand with the result of action.

Under the first head examples of conscious and unconscious vision were given.

In order that recognition may follow on sight, the lecturer suggested that pictures should be made by both teacher and children, in order to impress the vision with the facts, whether historical or otherwise.

HOW TO TEACH. First prepare the lesson before coming to class by finding out the *salient* parts of it.

When you come to give the lesson, first find out from the children their impressions. If the impression seems erroneous, correct it.

Let the children find out (with help if necessary), contrasts of proportions of length and height, and also contrasts in colours, and light and shade.

The natural gift of memory cannot be cultured; when there is a natural gift leave it alone.

In order to train the memory teach a child to describe *correctly* the object before it, and to use it so.

Imagination is not creation; it is combination and re-creation combined with the force of meditation.

Under the third head the importance of manual training as a factor of self-control is pointed out. Self-control results from manual training. It is useful for children who are somewhat intellectually dull. Miss Giles referred to Tadd's book of Manual Training, but she does not consider that the continued training of drawing and modelling in clay, wood, and stone, &c., could be carried on satisfactorily in this country, neither does she consider the drawings in the book to be of any use for designing purposes. She mentioned Sloyd, but did not tell us anything about it, as she was unable to do so. A short discussion followed, which was rather a *résumé* of the lecture.

HOUSE OF EDUCATION.

It is pleasant to speak of what one loves, yet it is painful to feel that one does not do a subject justice. I cannot do my subject justice. I feel so very strongly about it that I can only beg you to forgive the futility that I fear has hidden the enthusiasm I feel.

I am going to try and tell you something about the "House of Education"—what it means to us who have studied there and learned to try and look on life and work a little in the same way as Miss Mason does.

I think the first thing a new student feels is the spirit of charity through the House. There are no sets, or sects, or cliques, or differences; each helps all; and Miss Mason loves all; so we must love each other. The spirit of being eager to help a brother is very strong. So often in college, the first fortnight of Freshers' lives is misery. They do not know where to go or what to do. It is not so with us. The second year students give themselves up to starting the new-comers straight. There is no superiority felt or shown. The few rules are explained, with the reason for their existence, and at once a new student is made a member of the community. Then gradually comes the realisation of the meaning of that community. We are part of a whole, working for the perception and appreciation of a great ideal.

We are learning what enthusiasm for childhood means. We are learning that it is the ideal in every child that we must look for, and learn from, the meaning of a child—not a thing to practise theories and clever teaching upon; not something to be shaped and moulded; not an idol to be worshipped, nor a nuisance to be managed; but a self, a mind, and body, a soul; how to recognise that soul and how to nourish the mind and body belonging to it. That is the purpose of the "House of Education" training. It comes out in everything we do. That is why so much pains are taken with the cultivation of the minds of the students, that